

THE ANATHEMA OF SIXA

REQUIEM

NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM

Chainless prisons where slaves pronounce their gratitude. This complacency that is the narcolepsy of the heart. Your labor is the sound of bricks breaking upon one another.

This dreamless sleep, this poor reality, each day a nightmare of passivity, taking place within the inferno of normalcy. Your culture is your pathology. All the while the Goddess of Infinite Possibility is defamed, ridiculed, feared and abused. Being undefeatable, she becomes your soul's anxiety.

Humanity has lost its root. And, no, it does not prepare you for the stars but makes our navigation an idiocy.

We gain self-knowing through our mirrors and we have reduced our mirrors to the peculiarly human, impoverishing our vision and understanding. Narrowing ourselves and confusing ourselves with our words.

Words, words, words. It is good that the Thunder Spirits do not speak like us or there would be nothing left of this world.

Cumbersome beasts, clogged by belief, do we fear our freedom? Panic is the fear of our limitless extent. The people live within the bondage of their beliefs.

I am deciding the time is nigh. This darkness as plague will become the womb of the dream.

There is a Dream of Love not yet REALIZED!

Your lives are not mechanism.

We have become skeletons having lost the flesh and with it the Sacred touching. Everything is "global" and "planetary" but few see deeply the land.

Do do not allow the culture of insanity and inanimation to usurp your birthright - you are sacred and magickal beings of Light.

**When we become centers within stillness we become blinding light!
And free!**